

Dover
Coloring
Book

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

Coloring Book



Washington Irving

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

Coloring Book

Washington Irving

Illustrated by
Thea Kliros



DOVER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Mineola, New York

Copyright

Copyright © 2000 by Dover Publications, Inc.

All rights reserved under Pan American and International Copyright Conventions.

Published in Canada by General Publishing Company, Ltd., 30 Lesmill Road, Don Mills, Toronto, Ontario.

Bibliographical Note

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow Coloring Book is a new work, first published by Dover Publications, Inc., in 2000.

DOVER *Pictorial Archive* SERIES

This book belongs to the Dover Pictorial Archive Series. You may use the designs and illustrations for graphics and crafts applications, free and without special permission, provided that you include no more than four in the same publication or project. (For permission for additional use, please write to Permissions Department, Dover Publications, Inc., 31 East 2nd Street, Mineola, N.Y. 11501.)

However, republication or reproduction of any illustration by any other graphic service, whether it be in a book or in any other design resource, is strictly prohibited.

International Standard Book Number: 0-486-41041-2

Manufactured in the United States of America
Dover Publications, Inc., 31 East 2nd Street, Mineola, N.Y. 11501



*A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.*

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

In one of those spacious coves along the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad stretch of the river called by the old Dutch sailors the Tappaan Zee, there lies a small market town, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in olden days, by the good housewives of the neighborhood, because their husbands were inclined to linger about the village tavern on market days. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to sleep; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the perfect tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a lad, my first exploit in squirrel shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon time, when all nature is especially quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sunday stillness around, and was prolonged by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, where I might get away from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remainder of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the lazy quiet of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this hidden glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its country lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land. Some say that the place was bewitched by a famous German doctor during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still remains under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual dreamy state. They are given to all kinds of strange beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see weird sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions.

The main spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander in chief of all the powers of the air, is the appearance of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian soldier, whose head had been carried away by a cannon ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War; and who is frequently seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the nearby roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church not far away. Indeed, certain of the most respected historians of the area, who have been careful in collecting the elusive facts concerning this ghost, say that, the body of the soldier having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle every night in search of his head; and that the great speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight wind storm, is owing to his being late, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general nature of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the ghost is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

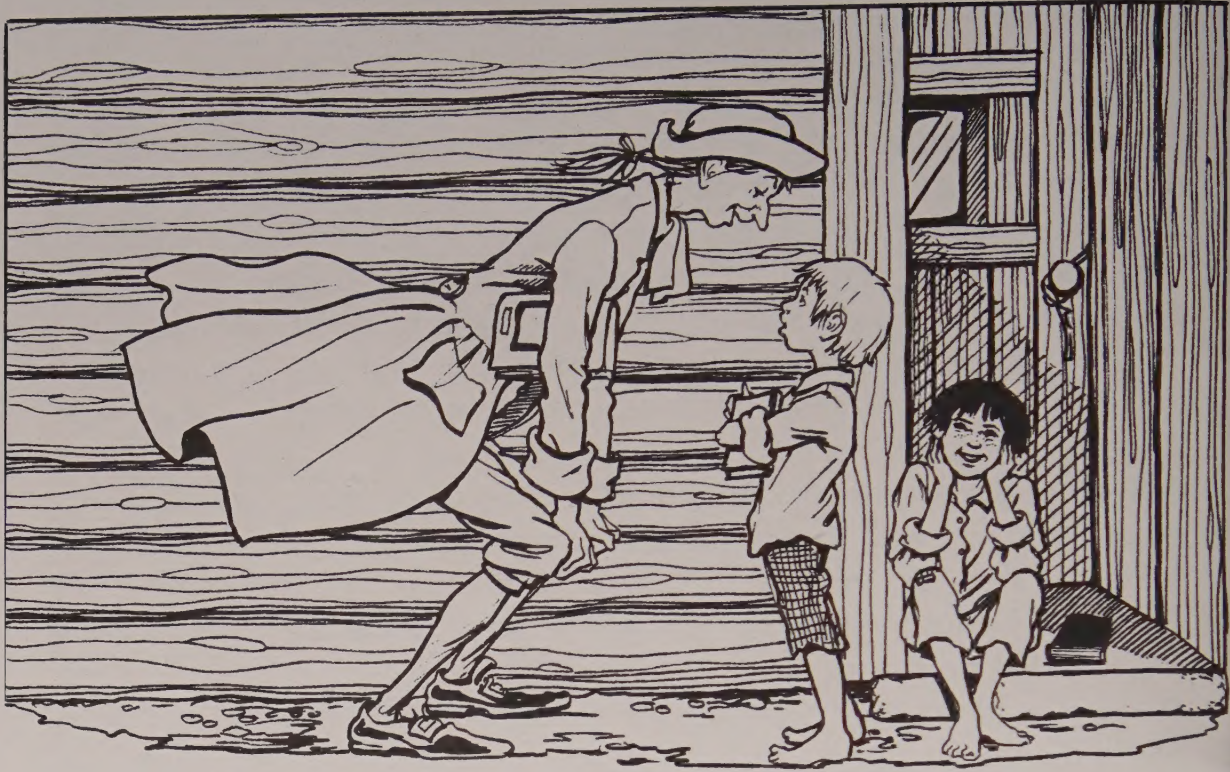
It is remarkable that the ability to see the ghost I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously absorbed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the bewitching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see strange sights.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible praise; for it is in such little isolated Dutch valleys, found here and there in the great state of New York, that population, manners, and customs, remain the same; while the

great flood of migration and improvement, which is making constant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their tiny harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have passed since I walked the drowsy shadows of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I would not still find the same trees and the same families living quietly in its sheltered valley.

In this backwater of nature there lived, in a distant period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years ago, a worthy man by the name of Ichabod Crane; who stayed, or as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. The name Crane fitted him well. He was tall, but exceedingly thin, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long birdlike nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock, perched upon his spindly neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the ridge of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for some scarecrow escaped from a cornfield.





His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, roughly constructed of logs; the windows partly glass, and partly patched with leaves of old copy books. It was cleverly locked at vacant hours, by a twig twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant location, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a large birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, reciting their lessons, might be heard on a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, that ever kept in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."—Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

When school hours were over, he was often the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would take some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, who were known to be good cooks. Indeed it was in his interest to stay on good terms with his pupils. The money he earned from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a big eater, and though thin, could expand like an Anaconda; but to stretch his money, he was, according to the custom in that region, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these families he lived successively a week at a time; thus making the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly belongings tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too hard on the pocketbooks of his country families, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a heavy burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of making himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the easier work of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers, by amusing the children, particularly the youngest; and would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other duties, he was the singing master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in singing psalms. He was especially pleased, on Sundays, to take his place at the front of the church, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely outshone the parson. Certain it is, his voice could be heard far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar notes still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by various means, in that ingenious way which is commonly called "by hook and by crook," the worthy teacher got on well enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of mental effort, to have a wonderful easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle gentleman-like person, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country lads, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is likely to cause some excitement at the tea table of a farmhouse, and the addition of an extra dish of cakes or candies, or, perhaps, the appearance of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was especially happy in the smiles of all the country girls. How he would strut among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent millpond; while the more bashful country boys hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and speech.

From his wandering life, also, he was a kind of traveling newspaper, carrying the latest local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, admired by the women as a man of great learning, for he had read several books all the way through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's History of New England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and powerfully believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of cleverness and simple willingness to believe all kinds of strange things. No tale was too weird or unusual for him to believe. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that flowed by his schoolhouse, and there think about old Mather's dreadful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and scary woods, to the farmhouse where he happened to be staying, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, excited his imagination: the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hillside; the warning cry of the tree toad, that forecasts a storm; the dreary hooting of the screech owl; or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would fly across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle flew into him, the poor man was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's spell. All he could do on such occasions, either to forget his fear, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes;—and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with wonder, at hearing his high-pitched singing floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his great pleasures was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and sputtering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally with his stories of witchcraft, and of the dreadful omens and strange sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them terribly with ideas about comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a cozy room that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no ghost dared to show its face, it was bought at great expense by the terrors of his walk home afterwards. What frightening shapes and shadows surrounded his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night!—With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he terrified by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a white ghost, beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with horror at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, in case he should behold some

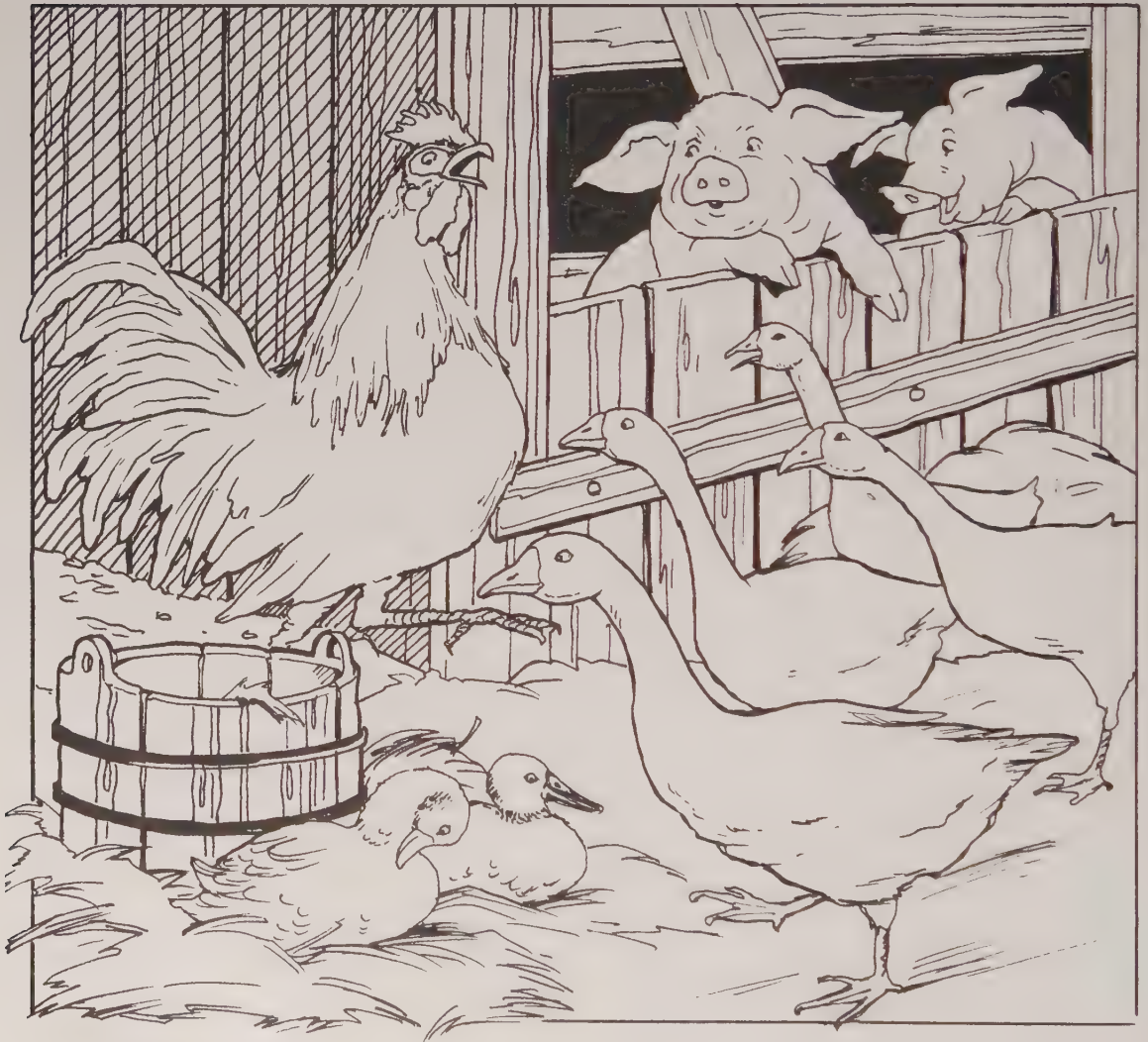


strange being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by a strong wind, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly journeys!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many ghosts in his time, and been more than once approached by Satan in various shapes, in his lonely walks, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in spite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more bewilderment to a man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Among the musical students who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in singing psalms, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a prosperous Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was also a bit of a flirt, as might be seen even in her dress, which was a mixture of old and modern fashions, as most suited to display her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Holland; a pretty vest of the olden time; and, in addition, a quite short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward women; and it is not to be wondered at, that such a pretty young lady soon found favor in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her at her father's mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, generous farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those every thing was snug, happy, and well conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and prided himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His mansion was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile spots, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of settling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Near the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resound-



ing within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy pigs were grunting in the quiet and abundance of their pens; from whence came forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to sniff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that model of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman; clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The teacher's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter meals. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about with a pudding in its belly, and an apple in its mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a blanket of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cozily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent covering of onion sauce. In the pigs he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, perhaps, a necklace of tasty sausages; and even the rooster himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if begging that mercy which his proud spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the delighted Ichabod imagined all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards bursting with red fruit, which surrounded the warm dwelling of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the young lady who was to inherit this property, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how the property might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and wooden palaces in the wilderness. In fact, his busy imagination already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household goods, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he saw himself astride a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high ridged, but lowly sloping

roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a porch along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various farming tools, and nets for fishing in the nearby river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this porch the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion and the main living space. Here, rows of shining pewter, arranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay bunches along the walls, mingled with the glow of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw footed chairs, and dark mahogany tables, shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their hiding place of asparagus tops; mock oranges and conch shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were hung above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the center of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these delightful sights, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only thought was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this effort, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight of olden times, who seldom had any thing but giants, sorcerers, fiery dragons, and such easily conquered enemies, to contend with; and only had to make his way through gates of iron and brass, and walls of hardest stone, to the center of the castle, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the center of a Christmas pie, and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country flirt, full of whims and fancy ideas, which were for ever presenting new difficulties and obstacles: and he had to encounter a host of fearful enemies of real flesh and blood, the numerous country lads, who surrounded every entrance to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to rush out together against any new competitor.

Among these the strongest was a husky, roaring, swaggering young fellow, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which often heard of his feats of strength and endurance. He was broad shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a rough, but not unpleasant face, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great strength, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which



everybody knew him. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as skilled on horseback as a Tartar. He came in first at all races and cockfights; and, with the dominance which bodily strength always acquires in country life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone that allowed no opposition or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; had more mischief than ill will in his personality; and with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of merry good humor at bottom. He had three or four close friends just like him, who looked at him as their model, and with whom he rode all over the country, showing up at every scene of fight or party for miles round. In cold weather he wore a fur cap, topped with a waving fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering caught sight of this well known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always got ready for a storm. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Russian horsemen; and the old ladies, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and goodwill; and when any crazy prank, or rustic brawl, occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and guaranteed that Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This wild hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his rough attentions, and though his romantic efforts were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to give up, who felt no inclination to oppose a lion in love; in fact, when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's fence, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and went off to find other girls.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stronger man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of flexibility and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple twig—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk!—he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his love affairs, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of

singing master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had any thing to fear from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in every thing. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage the poultry; for, as she wisely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy woman bustled about the house, or plied her spinning wheel at one end of the porch, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the very top of the barn. In the mean time, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or strolling along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's fine words.

I confess I don't know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of mystery and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of leadership to maintain possession of the latter, for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He that wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a flirt, is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the formidable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the fence on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the teacher of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would have liked to carry matters to open warfare, and have settled their claims to the lady, according to the methods of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights of olden days—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to risk fighting him: he had overheard the boast of Bones, that he would “double the schoolmaster up, and put him on a shelf”; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this stubbornly peaceful system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rough humor in his disposition, and to play crude practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones, and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of twig and window stakes, and turned every

thing topsy-turvy: so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of ridiculing him in the presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in singing psalms.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any significant effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumn afternoon, Ichabod, in a thoughtful mood, sat enthroned on the high stool from which he usually watched all the happenings of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ruler, that staff of absolute power; the birch of justice rested on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen various illegal articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper gamecocks. Apparently there had been some fearful punishment recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in coarse jacket and trousers, a round crowned fragment of a hat, like



the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merrymaking, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mister Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with an air of importance, and effort at fine language, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the previously quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at small details; those who were nimble skipped over half without being scolded, and those who were slow, had a stinging slap now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a big word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned; benches thrown down; and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time; bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the lawn, in joy at their early freedom.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour getting ready, brushing and cleaning up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken mirror, that hung up in the schoolhouse. In order to make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a noble knight, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was then living, an irritable old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and thus gallantly mounted, issued forth, like a wandering knight in quest of adventures. But it is fitting I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipment of my hero and his steed. The animal he rode was a broken-down plough horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shaggy, with a sheep's neck and a head like a hammer; his shabby mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and ghostly; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and spirit in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the irritable Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip straight up in his hand, like a scepter, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such



was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such a sight as is seldom seen in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumn day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden dress which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some of the more delicate trees had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming flocks of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. They fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very abundance and variety around them. There was the honest cock robin, the favorite game of young sportsmen, with its loud complaining note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in dark clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black throat, and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red tipped wings and yellow tipped tail, and its little cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy showoff, in his gay light blue coat and white under clothes; screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songbird in the woods.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every sign of abundant food, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he saw vast quantities of apples; some hanging in great clusters on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider press. Farther on he saw great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peering from their leafy stalks, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their beautiful round bellies to the sun, and giving great hopes for the most delicious pies; and soon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the beehive, and as he looked at them, he imagined dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or molasses, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and “sugar-coated ideas,” he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the finest scenes along the mighty Hudson River. The sun gradually sank in the west. The broad surface of the Tappaan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was a beautiful gold, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the cliffs that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sailboat was loitering in the distance, floating slowly with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the ship was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of Mr. Van Tassel, which he found crowded with the best people of the nearby country. Old farmers, a thin leather-faced race, in homespun coats and trousers, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk, withered, little wives in close crimped caps, long waisted short gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Plump girls, almost as old-fashioned as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white dress, gave signs of city style. The sons in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally worn in the pig-tail fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel skin for the purpose, which was thought to be good for the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite horse Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of spirit and mischief, and which no one but he could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks which kept

the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he thought a gentle well-broken horse was unworthy of a lad of spirit.

I would like to pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the delighted gaze of my hero, as he entered the formal living room of Van Tassel's mansion. Not the charms of the bevy of plump girls, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the brave doughnut and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and also delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have listed them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of steam from the midst—Heaven bless the sight! I lack breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as this author, but did ample justice to every delicacy.

He was a kind and grateful creature, whose heart swelled in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old schoolhouse; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other stingy patron, and kick any wandering teacher out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face full of content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and an urgent invitation to "go ahead, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned guests to dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the traveling orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a new couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as his singing. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung



frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was appearing before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window; gazing with delight at the scene. How could the strict schoolmaster be anything other than energetic and joyous? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his romantic looks; while Brom Bones, eaten up with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was over, Ichabod was attracted to a group of the wiser folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the porch, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly captured a British warship with an old iron nine-pound cannon from a muddy fortification, only that his gun burst at the sixth firing. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a lord to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of Whiteplains, being an excellent master of defense, deflected a musket ball with a small sword, so that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and bounce off the hilt: in proof of which, he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in battle, not one of whom but was certain that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy end.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and spirits that followed. The neighborhood is rich in such legends. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled places; but are trampled under foot by the changing crowd that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have traveled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The main cause, however, of the many supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to Sleepy Hollow itself. There was a disease in the very air of that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were telling their wild and wonderful legends. Many sad stories were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was captured, and which still grew in the neigh-

borhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, had to do with the favorite ghost of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times lately, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tied up his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The lonely location of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a little hill, surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent, whitewashed walls shine through the shadows. A gentle slope leads down to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its overgrown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody valley, along which flows a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, a wooden bridge had been built; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but caused a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place



where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most skeptical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his raid into Sleepy Hollow, and was forced to get on the horse behind him; how they galloped over bush and thicket, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by an even more marvelous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as a poor rider. He claimed, that on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing-Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and would have won it too, for Daredevil easily beat the goblin horse, but just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian rushed off, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the faces of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sunk deep in the mind of Ichabod. He, in turn, told stories from his favorite author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvelous events that had taken place in his native state of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The party now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the girls mounted on cushions behind their favorite boys, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the recent scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Only Ichabod lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a private chat with Katrina; fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What happened at this meeting I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear, must have gone wrong, for he certainly came forth, after no very great time, with an air quite lonely and depressed—Oh these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing any of her flirting tricks?—Was her encouragement of the poor teacher all a mere show to make Brom Bones jealous?—Heaven only knows, not I!—Let it suffice to say, Ichabod sneaked off with the air of one who had been robbing a hen roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his horse most rudely from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of hay and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavyhearted and

depressed, traveled homewards, along the sides of the high hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had passed by so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappaan Zee spread its dim and shadowy expanse of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sailing ship, riding quietly at anchor. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson. Now and then, too, the long drawn crowing of a rooster, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the harsh croak of a bullfrog, from a nearby marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon, now came back to him. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very spot where many of the ghost stories had taken place. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled, and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragic story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner nearby; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its unlucky namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights, and mournful wailings told concerning it.

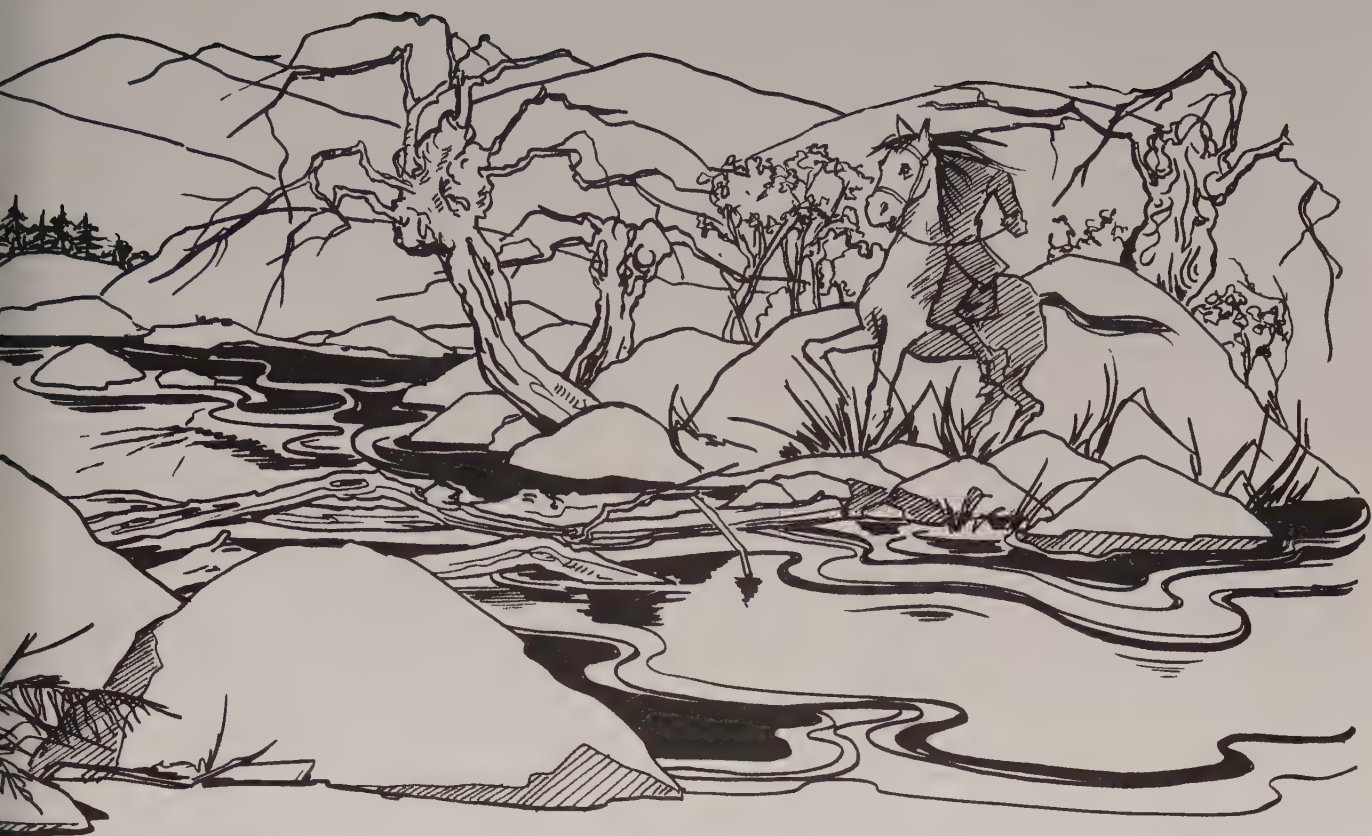
As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast of wind sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree; he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more closely, saw that it was a place where the tree had been struck by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered, and his knees hit hard against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge branch upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new dangers lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known as Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, formed a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the woods, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape vines, threw a deep gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the biggest test. It was at this identical spot



that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the leafy hiding place of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy soldiers concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his courage, gave his horse a flurry of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the disobedient old animal made a sideways movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked vigorously with the opposite foot: it was no use; his horse started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now used both whip and heel upon the emaciated ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stop just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a splashy footstep by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the edge of the brook, he saw something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It didn't move, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to pounce upon the traveler.



The terrified schoolmaster's hair rose upon his head. What was to be done? It was too late now to turn and run; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he stammered—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he dug his heels into the sides of Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth into a hymn. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion and, with a scramble and a bound, stood in the middle of the road. The night was dark and dismal, but the form of the unknown could now be partly seen. He appeared to be a large horseman, mounted on a powerful black horse. He made neither threat nor friendly gesture, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

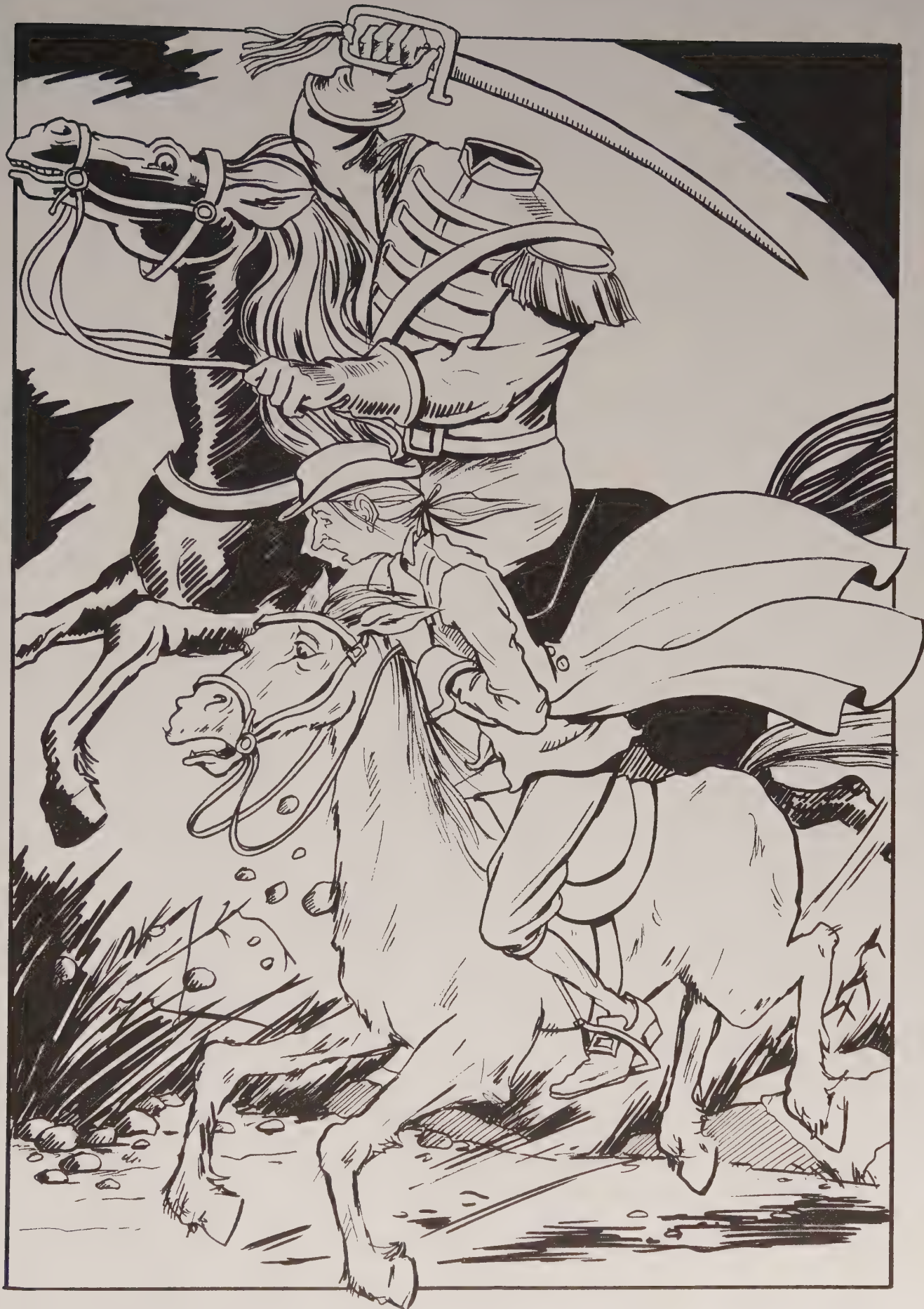
Ichabod, who had no liking for this strange midnight companion, and remembering the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now urged Gunpowder on, in hopes of leaving the horseman behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he tried to resume his hymn, but his dry

tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a note. There was something in the moody silence of this stubborn companion, that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a hill, which showed the figure of his fellow traveler outlined against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck to see that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased, when he saw that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the front of the saddle. His terror then rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the ghost stayed right with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing, at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long thin body away over his horse's head, so eager was he to get away.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed by a demon, instead of staying on it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond rises the green hill on which stands the whitewashed church.

The panic of the horse had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he was half way through the hollow, the straps of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized the front of it, and tried to hold it firm, but it was no use; and he had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's anger passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for little fears; the ghost was hard on his heels; and (unskillful rider that he was!) it was all he could do to stay mounted; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's back bone, with a violence that he truly feared would cut him in two.

An opening in the trees now gave him hope that the church bridge was near. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the water of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He remembered the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can just reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black horse panting and snorting close behind him; he even thought that he felt his hot breath. Another violent kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprung upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer would vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the



goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod tried to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It hit his head with a tremendous crash—he was knocked head over heels into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black horse, and the ghostly rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, quietly munching grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not appear at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel uneasy about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. A search was begun, and after diligent investigation they came upon what was left of him. In one part of the road leading to the church they found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently made at high speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

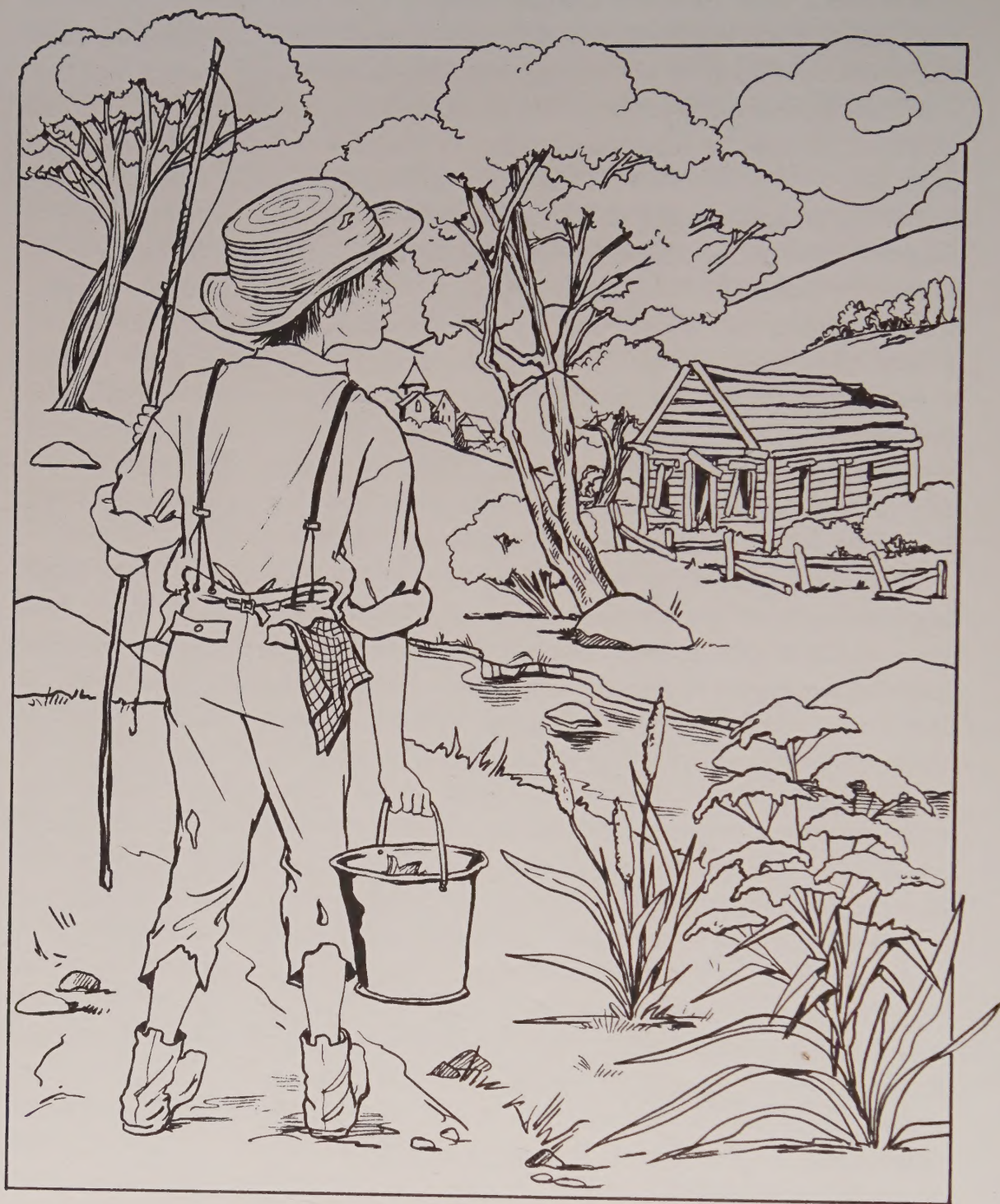


The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was never discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly belongings. They consisted of two and a half shirts; two neckties; a pair or two of woolen stockings; an old pair of corduroy trousers; a rusty razor; a dog-eared book of hymns; and a broken pitch pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, except for Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in the last was found a sheet of writing paper much scribbled and blotted in several unsuccessful attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of Katrina Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were immediately thrown in the fire by Hans Van Ripper; who from that time forward decided not to send his children to school; remarking, that he never knew any good come from reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his last paycheck but a day or two before, he must have had with him at the time of his disappearance.

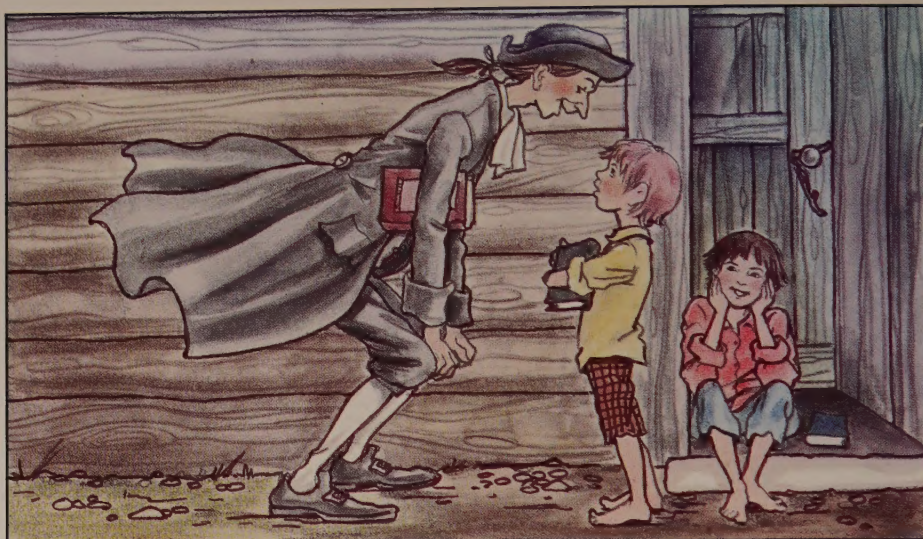
The mysterious event caused much speculation at church on the following Sunday. Small groups of onlookers and gossips gathered in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and many others were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the facts of the present case, they shook their heads, and concluded that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. Since he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him: the school was moved to a different part of the hollow, and another schoolmaster reigned in his place.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years later, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the news that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the ghost and Hans Van Ripper, and partly out of shame at having been suddenly rejected by Katrina; that he had moved to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had become a lawyer, turned politician, ran for office, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a judge. Brom Bones too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the beautiful Katrina in triumph to the altar, always looked exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was told, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some people to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, claim to this day, that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round



the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious fear and wonder, and that may be the reason why the road has been changed recently, so as to approach the church by the border of the millpond. The deserted schoolhouse soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate teacher; and the farm boy, slowly heading homeward on a still summer evening, has often thought he heard the schoolmaster's voice at a distance, singing a melancholy hymn among the peaceful lonely places of Sleepy Hollow.



p. 4

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

Coloring Book

Washington Irving

Illustrated by Thea Kliros

One of the most charming and best-loved tales in American literature, Washington Irving's *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* has delighted readers since it was first published over 150 years ago. Now the tale of Ichabod Crane, the bumbling schoolmaster, comes vividly to life in this coloring book version of that popular classic.

A slightly simplified text, set in large, easy-to-read type, tells of Ichabod's love for the captivating Katrina van Tassel, the mischievous deeds of the formidable Brom Bones (Ichabod's rival for Katrina's affections), and Ichabod's terrifying midnight ride and chilling confrontation with the Headless Horseman, among other events.

Accompanying the text are 15 animated illustrations by Thea Kliros that invite youngsters (and coloring book fans of all ages) to bring highlights from this beloved story to life.

Original Dover (2000) publication of a slightly simplified version of a standard text. 15 black-and-white illustrations by Thea Kliros. 32pp. 8¼ x 11. Paperbound.

ALSO AVAILABLE

RIP VAN WINKLE COLORING BOOK, Irving, Rackham & Stewart. 48pp. 8¼ x 11. 24479-2
Pa. \$2.95

Free Dover Full-Color Children's Book Catalog (59071-2) available upon request.

Front cover: p. 27

ISBN 0-486-41041-2

\$2.50 IN USA



9 780486 410418



W8-CAR-380